

Charles Wesley
(1707-88)

Come, O Thou Traveller Unknown

S. S. Wesley
(1810-76)

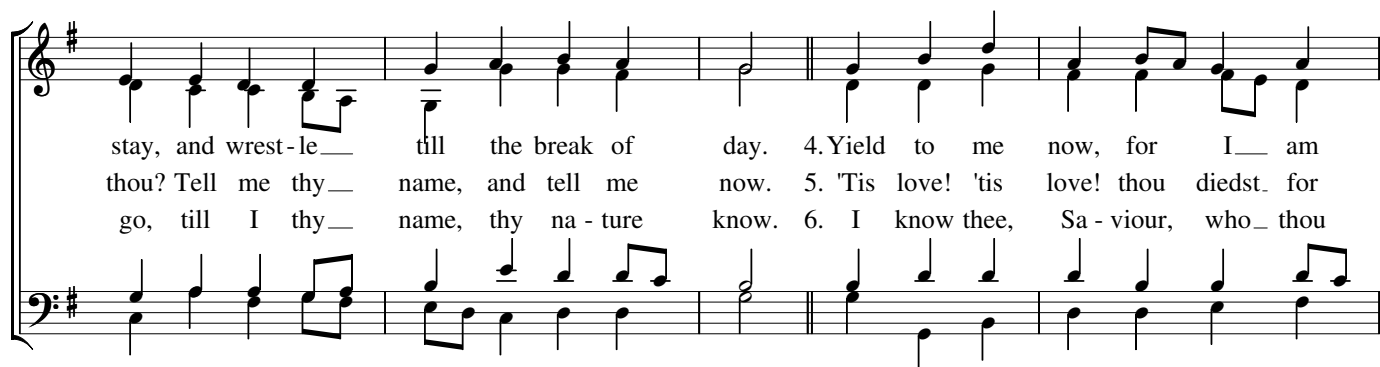
Peniel



1. Come, O thou Tra - vel - ler_ un - known, whom still I hold, but can - not see; My com - pa -
2. I need not tell thee who. I am, my mi - se - ry or sin de - clare; Thy-self hast
3. In vain thou strug - glest to_ get free; I ne - ver will un-loose my hold. Art thou the



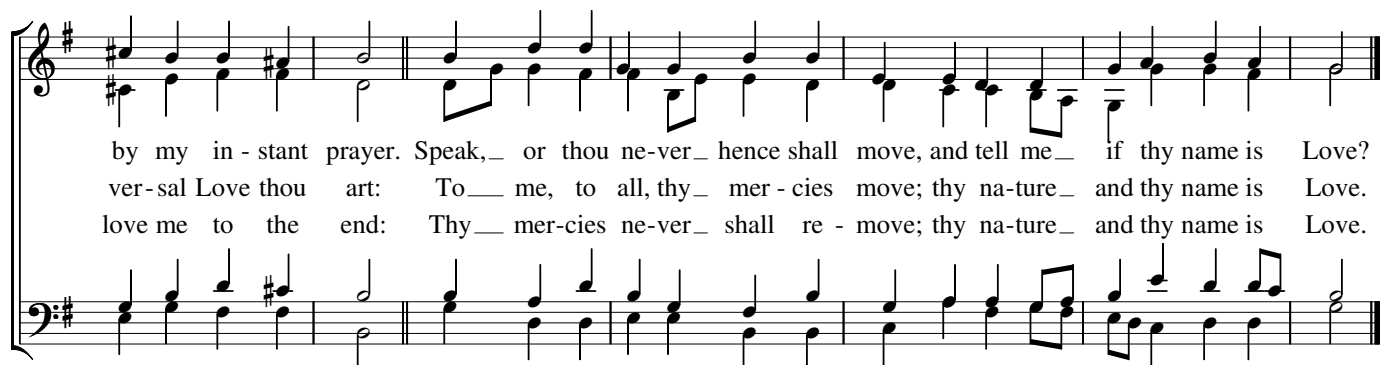
ny be - fore is gone, and I am left a - lone with thee; With_ thee all night I_ mean to
called me by my name; look on my hands, and read it there! But_ who, I ask thee,_ who art
man that died for me? The sec - ret of thy love un - fold: Wrest - ling, I will not_ let thee



stay, and wrest - le_ till the break of day. 4. Yield to me now, for I_ am
thou? Tell me thy_ name, and tell me now. 5. 'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedst. for
go, till I thy_ name, thy na - ture know. 6. I know thee, Sa - viour, who_ thou



weak, but con - fi - dent in self - des - pair; Speak to my heart, in bles - sings speak, be con - quered
me! I hear thy whis - per in my heart! The mor - ning breaks, the sha - dows flee; pure un - i -
art, Je - sus, the fee - ble sin - ner's friend; Nor wilt thou with the night de - part, But stay and



by my in - stant prayer. Speak,_ or thou ne - ver_ hence shall move, and tell me_ if thy name is Love?
ver - sal Love thou art: To_ me, to all, thy_ mer - cies move; thy na - ture_ and thy name is Love.
love me to the end: Thy_ mer - cies ne - ver_ shall re - move; thy na - ture_ and thy name is Love.